# HE SOLD HIS FREEDOM

FIRTEEN YEARS OF SOLITARY CON-FINEMENT FOR A BET.

Sirkular Undertaking of a Poverty-Stricken Young Lawyer of Moscow, and Its Results.

#### MILLION ROUBLES WAGERED

STEKED HIS LIBERTY AGAINST EALTH AND WENT TO PRISON.

His Experience There, as Indicated by His Writings-The End no One Had Anticipated.

Cortespondence of the Indianapolis Journal. MOSCOW, Sept. 18.-In August, 1886, Michael Kolomenskoe, then one of the ric. est men of Moscow, bet Ivan Ulanski a micion roubles that he. Ivan, could not stand solltary confinement for fifteen years.

I'an accepted, agreeing to forfelt all claim to the money if he should ask to be rel-ased before Aug. 10, 1901, at noon, or should leave his prison prior to the time and hour stipulated under any pretext

To-day this bet was officially declared off and the money was returned to Kolomeaskoe by the Mercantile Bank, which had it on deposit ever since August, 1886. knaws where. He departed from his prison did not want the money he had earned, did

This strangest of all bets, doubly strange on account of its unexpected termination, now and several times daily called for cane about in this way: At the beginning of August, 1886, Banker Kolomenskoe was | ties. Then again he would strum on the ent rtaining a party of friends at his coun- piano for hours in succession, but his playtry seat near the imperial village of Iz- ing was rather aimless, betraying none of malovo, some six miles from Moscow, the skill for which he was noted. As to when, one evening after supper, conversation drifted to the old-time topic: "Which is garder, the death penalty or life impriconment?" The host maintained that ex- table. Every little while he had crying fits, ecution was the more humane punishment, a vew point to which many of his guests risive laughter. Many nights he spent we's violently opposed, Ivan Ulanski, then | weeping, but more often busied himself a rising young lawyer, being especially out- with manuscript from the moment he lit specien in his arguments. "The state," he said, "has no more right to imprison a man for life than it has to cut off his head, but if Ehad to choose between one or the other, I should certainly prefer jail. It's decidedly bet, er to live somewhere than nowhere."

His statement was the signal for a heated discussion, in the course of which Kofomenskoe became so excited that he best the table with his clenched fist and the you won't stand prison, more particu- guages alone six hundred volumes were delargy solitary confinement, even for five livered on demand. years, let alone for a lifetime."

"I am a poor devil," answered Ulanski, "and my prospects are not overbright. At the same time, two millions are more than an man has use for Therefore, cut the funt in half and I will accept, with the práviso that my imprisonment last fifteen, insicad of five years.

"It is done," cried Kolomenskoe, who was inflamed by the lust for gambling. Ulanski pressed the hand the banker held out to bind the bargain, and replied simply: "As you please; your million against my

liberty." The friends forthwith decided upon the mede and details of Ulanski's imprisonment. He was to live in a lonely pavilion standing near the center of the inclosed patk at a distance of some two miles from the nearest habitation. A watch was to be tem of guardianship by night and day. He for his accommodation except to go to the while his apartment was cleaned. And under no pretext and on no occasion was he to see a human face unless, indeed, he needed a physician, nor hear a human

The apartment was heated from below. anti the prisoner's wants were supplied via a dumb waiter arrangement, that shut up instantly and hermetically after conveying the meals, plates, linen and other necesmunication with the outer world; Ulanski him, as upon ordinary life prisoners in Russia. If he wanted anything, the use of which was permitted by agreement, he were allowed him, but neither dog, cat or | saints. hird was to enter his prison. The isolation

was to be complete.

ENTERING THE PRISON. Ulanski entered his prison on Aug. 9, 1886, at noon, at the conclusion of a grand breakfast that saw his and his host's and table the party to the bet signed an agree-

revert to Michael Kolomenskoe. During the fifteen years just ended Ivan's friends-or those that survived-assembled every Sunday at Izmailovo, around the banker's hospitable board, to hear the news concerning the prisoner and talk over the chances of the case. At these meetings is no longer what it used to be; indeed, un-Ivan's written orders and the observations lucky speculations and fast living have rehe had jotted down for the benefit of his

intimates were read and discussed. report always included this item: "Prisoner | with alarm. As the time for the consummaplays the piano almost the whole day and | tion of the bet drew near, he used to uphalf the night." He played well at first, braid those of his friends who were in the and much improvement was noticed in the course of time, but gradually his playing vent me from making this foolish con-

became more and more indifferent. lawyer before he essayed to become a mil- this fellow Ulanski wins and I lose my millionaire by giving up his liberty. It is, lion-what does it prove? Will the Czar therefore, not to be wondered at that, at | change the law of the country? Will huthe start, he ordered wine and cigars in | manity be the gainer? No, the official world plenty, and the best brands obtainable, but | will take no notice, business men will look his thirst for liquor and his hunger for nicotine lasted but two months; then, all ass of himself trying to dissipate my of a sudden, the friends were informed that | money in the shortest time possible." \* \* \* the prisoner sent back the bottles un-

tedious than drinking good wine alone. oner, made by way of the peepholes. Then

am not allowed to talk."

TOBACCO FINALLY REJECTED. On the second Sunday of the seventh month it was reported that the prisoner wanted no more tobacco. "It spoils the air ing in the world is so apt to depress one's

spirit, as the absence of pure air." During all this first year the prisoner called for the very lightest sort of literature-yellow-back novels, fairy stories, comedies, stories of crimes, etc .- while, at the same time, he didn't hesitate to confess that he suffered greatly from the ef- | He is only forty; he will be rich, he will fects of solitude, and that time hung heavily on his hands. Occasionally some such verse was scribbled upon the back of an or-

"O solitude, where are the charms, That sages have seen in thy face? Better dwell in the midst of alarms

Than reign in this horrible place." One morning, at the beginning of the second year, the dumb waiter carried downstairs every lightweight article of literature that Ivan had previously demanded. The books were torn and their covers will- to keep at least part of my money." fully damaged. It looked as if the prisoner, becoming disgusted with them, had wreaked his vengeance on these mute sources of his displeasure. This was followed by peremptory orders for classics, classics of all countries and ages, the classics of poetry, of history, of philosophy, of arts and the drama, and though volumes upon volumes were delivered week after week, the prisoner never seemed to get enough. At about the time when his passion for classics succeeded that for trash, Ivan stopped playing the piano. This instrument remained silent through part of the second and throughout the third and

NOTES OF THE FIFTH YEAR. During the fifth year the prisoner was so quiet that his friends became alarmed, fearing he might sink into melancholy. But the banker had provided for emergencies of that kind by cutting a number A to Ivan Ulanski-he is gone, no one of peepholes in the wall, permitting a close survey of the apartment. Of this Ivan volentarily some six hours before his time knew nothing, and Kolomenskoe was, was up, leaving a note which said that he therefore, able to satisfy his curiosity without running any risks. What he saw notewant to return to society and meant to | was this: The prisoner no longer tried to but himself in the wilderness. It is sur- kill time by reading or literary work. He mised that, by this time, he has joined one | was forever lolling about the bed, the floor, of the queer religious sects abounding in sofas and chairs and yawned so constantly that the goaler decided to ask medical adwine, of which he consumed large quantibooks-Ivan treated them with studied contempt. He kicked them about and cared not whether a rare volume was on or under the and again the walls echoed with his dethe lamp until sunrise. Then, before going to bed, he tore every page he had written into little bits and strewed them on the

> In the second half of the sixth year the prisoner began to call for books on languages, abstract philosophy and history; the banker could hardly keep up with the orders. This fit lasted four years. the bills for books amounting to many thousand roubles. On the subect of lan-

HIS ACCOMPLISHMENTS. At the end of the tenth year Kolomen-

skoe received this note from Ivan: "My Dear Jailer-I send you this letter in six languages. Please submit each copy to some expert in the language used. If they report there is not a single error in the whole lot, have a shot fired somewhere in the park so I may hear the noise. The shot in vain. From the books you kindly sent me I learned this much: The geniuses of all peoples and of all lands happen to express their best thoughts in different manner, while in spirit they all agree.

"Ah, my dear jailer, if you only knew the happiness it gives one to understand all these geniuses after their own fashion!" The letters sent in were models of linguistic achievement and the signal was

given as requested. Before the tenth year of his incarceration the book of the New Testament, which he studied day and night. Kolomenskoe observed him sitting at a table without moving a limb for hours at a time, staring at a single page and reading it again and again as if trying to memorize the contents. The man who devoured four hundred volumes last year, now devoted a twelve-month to the study of a single book

Years eleven, twelve and thirteen were spent by Ivan in reading up the history of the various religions and sects of the world. In his mind he fought over again all the battles that ever raged between the Jesuits and Lutherans, Catholics and Protestants, Jews and Mohammedans. He read a thousand books and pamphlets for and might put the name of the article on a slip | against Calvin, as many relating to Zwingof paper and send it down with the dishes. II, Henry Ward Beecher, the Westminster Wine, books, tobacco, musical compositions | Convention, Loyola and various other

During the last two years of his imprisenment Ivan's taste changed constantly. Now he demanded books on natural his-All arrangements having been made, Ivan | tory, again he clamored for Shakspeare or Tolstoi. One day he couldn't get enough of Byron, on the next Goethe's most tedious writings had to be procured for him post jailer's friends united for the last time for haste. The friends, now growing less and many years to come. Before sitting down to less in number, were astonished to find on one and the same order slip handbooks of ment, drawn up in legal form, containing chemistry and medicine mentioned in the the stipulations already set forth. The day same line with some silly novel or missionand hour of release was fixed for Aug. 10, ary tract: "Surely," they said, "he is los-1901, at noon, at the stroke of the clock. If | ing his cunning." Ivan resembled a ship-Ivan departed one minute, or one-half min- | wrecked person who, in his frantic efforts ute, or one second for that matter, earlier, to keep his head above water, clutches at the million deposited to his credit would a trunk now, then at a chair, barrel or a

#### PART II.

In the meantime Michael Kolomenskoe had grown rather tired of his bargain. He was seventy last January and his fortune duced it to such an extent that the threatening loss of the million deposited in the For the first twelve months the warden's | Mercantile Bank, filled the old financier As stated, Ivan had been a struggling for risking my money that way? Suppose derness,

touched. Assuming it to be a mere whim, eccentric bet assembled at Izmailovo in orthe banker, nevertheless, continued to der to attend the opening of the prison supply wipe to the prisoner until the fol- next day at noon. They were nine gentlelowing note was found at the bottom of the | men, including the host, seven having died since 1886. In the evening, after supper, "Pray, keep all wines and liquors outside. Kolomenskoe called a meeting of his They are apt to nauseate me in my present | friends in the library and read to them the condition. Wine creates passions, and pas- notes Ivan indited during the last fifteen sions are the worst enemy a prisoner can years, as above set forth, also the tranentertain. Besides, there is nothing more script of his own observations of the pris-

Finally, I can't drink without talking, and all went to bed with eager expectations of the psychological treat that awaited them

But Kolomenskoe could not sleep; the prospect of losing his million worried him no less than the thought that Ulanski would become a rich man by his (the banker's) foolish generosity, "that drunken

freak of his." as he now termed it. TO CONSULT WITH PRISONER. "Confound it," he said to himself, as he urned restlessly on his couch, "why did not this fool die instead of priming himself to take from me the last kopeck I possess? marry, have children and friends, while I, old, childless and ruined, will drag myself wearily to the grave."

The clock on the castle tower struck three times. "Nine more hours and I wil be a beggar," said Kolomenskoe. He listened. The big house was quiet as death, no sign of life within or without. "I risk it," he continued. "I will seek Ivan and talk matters over with him. Maybe we can come to an understanding, permitting me

It was raining hard when Kolomenskoe stepped out in the park with his lantern and keys. Arrived at the pavilion he noticed that the watchman was absent from his post. "So much the better," he said, "there will be no witnesses."

The seals on the door and windows leading to Ivan's apartment were intact, the prisoner had evidently kept his agreement in the fullest sense of the word. "I want to see what he is doing before I go in.' thought the banker. He climbed up to the peephole which had been neglected for the last year or two.

Ivan's apartment was lit up by a single candle. The prisoner sat at a table, with his back to the observer; before him, on the boards and on the carpet of the floor, and beside him, on two or three chairs, innumerable open books. During the five or ten minutes while Kolomenskoe remained at the lookout, the prisoner never moved a limb. He sat perfectly motionless. The banker rapped, but there was no response of any kind. "Perhaps he's dead," thought Kolomenskoe. "It often happens that a person expires at the moment when his utmost efforts are crowned with success.' He climbed down the ladder and without further ado tore off the seal and stuck in the key. The lock, grown rusty from long neglect, gave a hoarse screech, the door reaked and rattled. Kolomenskoe expecte

to hear a shout of astonishment; he thought the prisoner would meet him half way. But nothing of the kind occurred, though the banker, with the doorknob is his trembling hand, remained for three or four minutes on the threshold. At last he

The man at the writing table was Ivan Ulanski reduced to a skeleton, covered with vellow skin. The prisoner's silvery hair was long and wavy like a woman's; his beard reached to the ground. His fleshiess face, with disappearing cheek bones, was sallow of complexion, his back was slim and long. and the hand on which rested his weary head so thin that Kolomenskoe wondered able as it was. Ivan's eyes were closed, he was fast asleep. He looked like a man of seventy or eight.

As Kolomenskoe stood gazing at him. contemplating whether he should wake him or not, his eyes lit upon several pages of manuscript, lying on the table. "This may give me an inkling of the fate awaiting me," he said, as he seized hold of the papers. He moved nearer to the light and

THE PRISONER'S LAST WORDS. "To-morrow, at noon, I will be free, free to mix with my fellow-beings, free to bask

at the sweet bosom of nature. But before leaving this room to see the glorious sun again, and the stars, and the river and the green meadows, I will here set down the feelings that sway my mind.

"By my conscience, and by the Lord God who sees me, I hate and detest liberty, society and health-all that you call life's prime blessings. I have been studying life for fifteen years in the best and worst books produced anywhere in the world. True, during that time I have neither seen the earth nor any of its inhabitants, but in bookland I quaffed the sweetest wine. listened to the most enchanting songs. I went hunting big game. I stormed the heavens in airships.

"The poets of Russia, of Italy and Germany, of France and Spain and those who write in the English tongue-I pressed them all into my service and they showed me the most lovely women that ever breathed. They came to me in the night telling me beautiful stories, kissing and fondling me until my head swam. Bookland elevated me to the highest peak of the highest mountain in the world; I was so near to the sun, I thought I could touch it with my hand. Under me raged a thunderstorm, lighting up oceans and big cities. Ah, I listened to many a siren's song, was tempted again and again by man and devil. In writings, inspired by the voices from bookland, I robbed, and ravaged, and murdered in most imposing language, and having created solitude where once throbbed life, I called it peace. Let me be silent on the subject of the new religions.

and sects, and fads I conjectured. "The world's books gave me wisdom. All that man's genius conceived in past centuries, and thousands of centuries, I got in my head. I am, perhaps, the wisest man on earth to-day. And because I am the wisest of the wise, I hate your books. Your socalled blessings of life, I loathe. Everything is vain, everything transitory and perishable-reality is nowhere. Be as wise as you may, be as beautiful as the sun, as noblehearted and good as John, whom Christ loved-death will claim you sooner or later. You will die like a rat in a trap. And your descendants, your history, your immortal genius itself will burn up or freeze with the planet of which we hold an uncertain

"Men, friends, believe me, you are on the wrong track. What you call truth is nothing but a lie, your belles and Adonises are monsters of ugliness. I should like to see your faces if your apple and orange trees would bear frogs or scorpions, instead of fruit-still, such is possible. And what are you going to do about it, you men and women who exchanged heaven for this perishable land of contrasts, called earth? You cannot answer and I could not under-

stand you if you did. "But to prove how much I detest those things you call life's blessings, I hereby renounce my claim for a million roubles, the sum for which, fifteen years ago, I was willing to barter my very soul, I will not touch the money, because I loathe it. And to make that perfectly clear and save discussion, I will send down a request for immediate release early in the morning. Then tract?" he cried. "Ought I not be kicked I will go away and bury myself in the wil-IVAN ULANSKI.

"Prison of Izmailovo, Aug. 9, 1901." "When I finished reading," said Kolomenskoe next morning to his friends, I cured it by a pin, kissed Ivan on his fore-I went to bed crying and slept peacefully until a few minutes ago, when the watch-

Requiem.

The tall trees whisper and bend, The birches flutter and stir, There's gossip abroad in the forest ways And all the leaves confer.

'Dead'" question the listening trees 'Aye, dead,' says the wind to then,

And softly the steadfast pines have Legun The Summer's requiem -Arthur Ketchum, in Ainslee's Magazine.

A STAFF OFFICER'S RECOLLECTIONS OF THE GREAT SOLDIER.

His Generosity to Enemies, and His Removal from Command After the Capture of Fort Donelson.

RESTORED IN TIME FOR SHILOH

INTERESTING INCIDENTS OCCURRING ON THAT BLOODY FIELD.

Pittsburg Landing a Dangerous Place, but Halleck Would Not Consent to a Change of Position.

By order of General Grant it became my duty to superintend the disarming of the Confederate troops who had surrendered at Fort Donelson. As the terms were unconditional, I took it for granted that the officers would be required to give up their side arms, and insisted that this should be done; but some of them protested vigorously and threatened to retaliate should the fortunes of war ever reverse the situation. I cared nothing for these threats, but having no desire to impose any unnecessary humiliation upon them, I agreed to refer the matter to the commanding general, and to be controlled by his instructions. Meanwhile the delivery of the arms went on. While this was taking place I sent a messenger to General Grant, asking if the officers should retain their side arms, to which he returned the simple reply, "Yes." A wagon load or two of swords and pistols had already been surrendered, but they were returned at once to their owners, whereupon a number of them apologized for their hasty expressions.

On the same occasion another incident occurred which illustrated Grant's generosity of disposition even more strikingly than the one just related. Among the rank and file of the Confederates there was a company of sharp-shooters who claimed their guns as private property, and demurred to surrendering them on that ground. Of course I could not consent to such an innovation, whereupon the men. instead of stacking their arms, as directed, stepped out of the line under cover of some timber, and as they passed a large tree each of them broke his gun in pieces and threw the parts on the ground. I did not see the act myself, but it was reported to me by the officer who commanded the comthat it could bear the weight, inconsider- pany. He was greatly worried lest his men should be severely punished; but I quieted his apprehensions by saying that we would et the matter drop. "Your men are a gallant troop," I said, "who have done heroic service on their side, and they should not be too severely condemned for an act that was nothing more than natural under the circumstances." Subsequently, on mentioning the incident to General Grant, he commended my course, and said: "Probably you or I would have done the same thing under like conditions.'

REMOVAL FROM COMMAND. It was easy to see that General Grant felt a just pride in the capture of Donelson there was in his manner a certain expression of quiet satisfaction which he had not previously shown, but there was no ostentatious display of the spirit of a victor. As usual, he said but little. He was the same quiet, earnest, incomprehensible man; but no one could associate with him intimately, as I did at that time, without seeing that he was well pleased over the result. On the other hand, if he had been defeated, I do not believe he would have been any more downcast than he was elated | reply, and he placed the swiftest steamer over his victory. His promotion to the rank diately afterward, but it made no more if it had concerned some other person. He of Shiloh. A portion of the heavy howittook up his enlarged duties and entered | zer supplies did not arrive until Sunday

It was his wish to follow up the victory already achieved, and he accordingly set out for Nashville on the 28th of February, without waiting for instructions, though he go if no orders to the contrary were received. This act was made the basis of a charge of disobedience of orders, and, with some other trivial matters, was used as a Gen. C. F. Smith was appointed as his suc- thing like emotion. Taking me by the hand. achievement soon became manifest. Public | department, the army here in the presence sentiment was outraged, the service disor- of a brave, alert and powerful enemy, and evil. Grant was given command of the dis- their guns, I was appalled. The danger trict of "West Tennessee." The limits of this district were not defined, and the act have slept but little since your departure, amounted to the same thing as putting the | fearing that we might be attacked while commander out of the service. It was so understood by the people and the army, Meanwhile the general removed his headquarters to Metal Landing, on the Tennessee river, and there awaited further orders.

THE ADVANCE ON CORINTH. The army was now concentrating at Pittsburg Landing, and in conformity with General Grant's suggestion I offered my services to General Smith, in the same capacity which I had previously held on the former's staff. The offer was accepted, and I was again in active duty. General Smith was an old officer of the regular army, a fine-looking man, and very efficient in routine duties; but he was not qualified by nature or experience to fill his new position. All his previous service had been in command of regulars; now he had to deal with volunteers, the very bone and sinew of the Nation, who were far more accustomed to having their own way than they were to obeying the commands of others. The general soon realized that he could not break these spirited young colts, and when he was superseded in command no one rejoiced more than himself. Old West Pointers, like Grant and Sherman, who had been out of the army for some time and engaged in civil pursuits, possessed an ability and tact in the manageficers did not seem able to acquire. They understood the people better, because they had mingled more with them. While the army was gathering and pre-

of Grant saved the army from destruction paring for battle, I observed that it was woefully deficient in supplies for the ord-Previous to the battle of Shiloh the gennance department, and as I was responsieral had established his headquarters at ble for that, I urged upon General Smith Savannah, some distance below the camp, the importance of my going to Cairo or St. but he came up to Pittsburg Landing every Louis and personally superintending the day and was at the front on Friday and shipment of ordnance stores. The ammu-Saturday nights during the skirmishing nition which had been ordered through the that took place then. After dark on Saturusual channels did not come, and any one day evening he had started down the river can see how critical our situation would to Savannah, when heavy firing was heard have been had we gone into battle without man slarmed the castle by the report that the materials of war. When I urged the in the direction of the camp. He returned matter upon General Smith he replied in the darkness his horse fell into a hole in somewhat testily: "No, you cannot go; I | the road and so lamed one of the general's need you here." Days passed, and still the legs that he could not remount without ammunition did not come. Again I ap- assistance. This accident afforded a founpealed to the general for permission to go dation for the story that Grant was so down the river, whereupon he flew into a drunk on Sunday morning when the battle rage and exclaimed: "Hell and damna- 1 of that day began that he had to be helped But it was characteristic of General Grant, tion! You are not omnipresent. You on his horse. After the firing had ceased and showed the innate manliness of his can't be at St. Louis, Cairo and here all he returned to Savannah, but was back at disposition. at the same time. You are not omnipotent. ' the Landing at daylight the next morning.

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If you attend to your end of the line you

GRANT RESTORED TO COMMAND.

with him, and as matters in my department

did not improve I had made up my mind

to go without orders, when fortunately

General Grant was restored to command.

I shall never forget the morning that this

was announced. Somehow I felt it "in my

bones" that the event was coming, and

before starting out on my daily round of

duties I instructed my orderly to notify

me at once if anything unsual occurred.

in front of General McClernand's tent.

when I heard the clattering hoofs of a

rapidly approaching horse. A bend in the

road prevented me from seeing the rider,

but I instinctively felt that it was my or-

awaiting his arrival I directed my horse to

be saddled, and in another moment my or-

derly dashed up to where I was standing,

with his cap raised on the point of his

sword and shouting: "Hurrah! Hurrah!

General Grant is restored to the command

The general had already arrived, and I

was soon in his presence. It did not take

me long to explain the status of affairs;

indeed he already knew our critical condi-

"What do you propose to do?" he in-

I told him that I felt sure I could get

abundant supplies of ammunition by going

to Cairo and St. Louis and personally su-

in the fleet at my disposal. Without men-

tioning details, it is only necessary to say

morning, after the great battle of that day

manded a battery of big guns on that oc-

casion, and who had exhausted all his

ammunition, was so rejoiced when I gave

him a new stock that he caught me in his

arms and yelled like a Comanche Indian,

As soon as I returned from St. Louis I

Grant, and for the first time during my

association with him he was moved to any-

our soldiers without ammunition to load

seemed overwhelming, and I assure you I

Even after our stock of ordnance had ar-

ived, some of it was found to be useless,

by reason of the fact that it would not fit

our arms. Two batteries that were sta-

tioned at important places on Sunday morn-

ing discovered, after reaching the field,

that their projectiles were too large for the

guns, and consequently both had to be

withdrawn from action, thus endangering

the whole army. Those who have never

witnessed a battle can hardly appreciate

BEGINNING OF SHILOH.

One of General Grant's first acts after

resuming command of the army was to

carefully inspect the country about Pitts-

burg Landing. His conclusions were that

t was a most unfortunate position for an

army, and he requested permission of Gen-

eral Halleck to move out toward Monterey,

some miles from the river, to a piece of

high table land, and there throw up works

to protect the troops. Halleck's reply was

to the effect that "when he wanted an ad-

vance made he would issue the necessary

orders." The result was that when the

battle of Shiloh was fought the army was

caught almost on the banks of the river.

surrounded by sloughs and ravines. In

our immediate rear was the swollen

stream, nearly out of its banks, and no

means of crossing it in case of defeat ex-

cent on the steamboats then lying there.

It was a perilous position, but the genius

the dispiriting effects of such a loss.

in this helpless condition."

while he hugged me like a grizzly bear.

"Then go," was his brief and energetic

tion with regard to ammunition.

perintending their shipment.

of the army!"

But in this particular I failed to agree

will have performed your whole duty."

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received from General Sherman, saying difference in his manner and bearing than at Pittsburg Landing in time for the battle | that the Confederates were massing their forces in his front, that he expected an attack at any moment and urgently requesting that General Grant should come had opened. Captain McCallister, who com- to his headquarters as soon as he arrived. Shermans' letter was placed in his hands instantly mounting his horse he galloped to the front, followed by the principal members of his staff. I mention these particulars to show that the attack of Sunday morning was not a surprise. It was anticipated, but it came a little earlier than was expected. The details of the battle of Shiloh have passed into history: I shall not, therefore, attempt to describe them, my object being merely to give some personal recollections of General Grant during that memorable engagement. A REMARKABLE INCIDENT.

Nearly all the men who participated this battle on the Union side were raw recruits. It was their first hostile engagement. Very few of them had been enlisted long enough to understand the manual of arms, and when the roar of battle and the slaughter began, some of the regiments became panic-stricken. The most serious stampede occurred Sunday afterioon. Whole companies threw down their arms and made a bee-line for the boats in the river. My ammunition boats were cabled to the bank, and all morning I had been hurrying supplies to the front. The safety of these steamers was essential to the salvation of the army. About the middle of the afternoon there was a fearful rush of hundreds of men toward the boats. They came in a black mass down the steep bank and started across the narrow bottom intervening between it and the river. I realized at once that if this terror-stricken mass of humanity precipitated itself on the boats they would be sunk, for they were already heavily laden with the munitions of war. Therefore, acting on the inspiration of the moment, I ordered the cables cut and had the boats turned just in time to escape being swamped. The men, finding they could not get on board. soon recovered from their panic, and many of them returned to the scene of conflict. But it required the services of a body of cavalry to restore order. An officious volunteer aid took advantage of this incident | Panadelphia and New York... from him. I had remained on shore throughout the excitement, and having no paper at hand, I picked up a fragment of newspaper and wrote on the margin:

moralized soldiers, who were in the net of

Grant was then on the firing line, in the thickest of the fight, but in a few minutes I mention this as probably the only incigeneral stopped in the midst of a great battle to send an apology to a subordinate.



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